

The Difference Between You and Me

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****Disclaimer: ****Toby Fox owns Undertale. I own my fangirling.

****Warning: ****Coarse language

****Notes: ****Though Vivaldi and Verdana were identical twins, they had one major difference. Based on "Unexpected" by kazefiend; Flowerfell AU

The Difference Between You and Me

Vivaldi and Verdana Dreemurr looked identical. Though Vivaldi was a girl and Verdana a boy, though normal biology would declare them fraternal twins, in either human or monster form they mirrored each other and their parents, Frisk and Sans, with the only difference being the thin scar on the bone above Vivaldi's right eye and below Verdana's left. Then again, most suspected the twins' birth was anything but biologically normal.

Not that their parents cared. Viv and Ver were born healthy and free from mountain barriers, corrupted monsters, or the flower curse. That was all that mattered.

As kids, the twins loved to use their matching human features to confuse people, including relatives, by switching or matching clothes. Frisk could always tell them apart, anyway. Sans had ways to make them turn skeletal.

Their personalities even bore some resemblance. Vivaldi would hang on Sans' every word, Verdana would do the same with Frisk, and both were always eager to please their parents. Both were top notch pranksters, though Verdana tended to be the eager instigator and Vivaldi the cool mastermind. Both loved using monster magic, though it rarely cooperated with them. That sometimes led to structural damage and stern lectures; Frisk could be loud when it pleased them.

Some of their attitudes and interests differed. Though Verdana adored his mother, as he grew he took on more of his father's skeleton form, dark fashion sense, and rough speech sprinkled with puns. Vivaldi, on the other hand, dressed simply in long skirts, striped sweaters, and Sans' old scarf. She loved to linger in long, quiet hours of reading. Her grades were much better than her brother's as a result, a fact that she often nagged him about.

The biggest difference between them, however, was conflict resolution.

This difference came to a head in high school. Monster integration was difficult, and the hybrid twins were no exception. One cloudy day, after the last bell rang, Verdana made his way down the crowded hall, wishing he could take his striped shirt off in the heat and just wear his black jacket, but he had already gotten in trouble for that several times in both human and skeleton form, so he did not bother trying it again. Spying a pink glow behind an open locker door, Verdana chuckled and crept forward.

"Hey, Nar." Verdana turned his hand from flesh to bone and rapped on the metal door. "Knock knock."

"Oh!" A girl peeked around the locker, startled, but upon seeing Verdana shook her head of pink flame, used to this routine. "Who's there?"

"Orange."

"Orange who?"

Verdana gave her a pointy-toothed grin. "Orange you glad to see me?"

Nar giggled and closed her locker, her pleated skirt swishing as she turned. A hint of red flashed where her cheeks would be. "Depends. Do you promise not to stack my grandpa's chairs into a giant pyramid again?"

"What?" He gasped and pressed his hand to his chest in mock offense. "That was street art! Grillby should've kept it!"

"People have to sit somewhere to eat!" Laughing harder, she said, "It took Grandpa hours to pull that thing apart and put everything back. He was so mad!"

Their laughter was cut off by a familiar yelp that cut Verdana to the soul. With a burst of speed, he dashed down the hall with Nar trailing behind. What Verdana saw as he skidded into a halt made his red eyes flame.

Dan Baker, a senior whose every action screamed future frat president, stood over Vivaldi and dangled her violin case over her head, laughing as she jumped and failed to reach it. "Nope, mine now."

"What are you, a toddler?" Vivaldi cried. She strained her hand toward the violin, but her fingertips flew through empty air with every swipe. "That's expensive! Give it back!"

"Hey, jackass!" yelled Verdana, turning full skeleton, running past Dan's startled crew, and grabbing the bully by his shirt, "Give back the damn violin. NOW."

"Now that big man skeleton's here," Dan said with a sneer, "sure." He released the handle and let the case fall to the granite floor.

Gasping, at the last instant Vivaldi summoned enough red magic to cushion the violin's fall. She grabbed the instrument and cradled it protectively.

"What the hell?" shouted Verdana in Dan's face as he raised his fist. "I'll kick your ass!"

"It's fine, Ver," Vivaldi muttered, handing off the violin to Nar to stow in her locker. "My violin's fine. Let's just go."

"Besides," snorted a greasy boy beside Dan, "we're not scared of you, Ghost Rider."

"Naw man," said Dan, pointing across the hall at Nar, "if he hooks up with Flame Girl over there, their kid will be Ghost Rider."

Nar squirmed and retreated behind the lockers.

Verdana's eye sockets flamed at Dan. "You just love picking on girls, don't you?"

"Not all girls," Dan said, shrugging. "Just the freaks."

"You piece of shit!" Verdana growled and shoved the other boy.

Dan stared right into Verdana's glowing eyes and smirked. "Says the guy whose mom fucked a skeleton."

That did it. Verdana's eyes blazed with rage and, raising his hand, a trio of red, translucent bones shot into the air. They hovered above Verdana and aimed with surprising focus at Dan's chest. Everyone, including Dan, froze in place.

Everyone except Vivaldi.

To anyone unfamiliar with the twins, it was the oddest sight when the slim, graceful girl, still in human form, grabbed her tall, fully skeletal brother by the neck, produced three cosmic bones of her own,

knocked out Verdana's so they safely disintegrated into red sparks, yanked the collar of Verdana's jacket, and proceeded to drag him down the hall away from their speechless classmates.

"Uggh! D-dammit, Viv!" Verdana said, squirming in Vivaldi's iron grip. "What the hell are you-"

"Sorry for the scene," Vivaldi said, not facing her stunned fellow students. Then, she glanced over her shoulder. "And Dan?"

Dan opened and closed his mouth several times, but no sound came out.

"Considering how deftly you described our parentage, Captain Obvious," she said, her voice controlled and icy calm, "congratulations on showing the entire school that you're a complete douchebag. Say anything else about my family-ever-and you will regret it."

"Heh, eh heh, what are you gonna do?" asked Dan, smirk gone and trembling from head to foot. "Follow me everywhere?"

Vivaldi paused and pat Verdana's back. "You good?"

Clenching his fists and looking down at the ground, he nodded.

Releasing Verdana's collar, Vivaldi spun on her heel to face Dan so fast, her scarf flew behind her. The student body was still immobile. "Let's just say my father taught me a little something aboutâ€" she said, and suddenly appeared an inch from his face, "shortcuts."

The boy tripped backward and fell smack on his butt. At this, several students began to snicker while Vivaldi walked back to her brother's side, her head held high. A smattering of applause soon joined the laughter, but Verdana, looking at no one, took his sister's hand and they disappeared together.

They materialized just off school grounds behind a large maple tree, their usual after-school meeting spot. This habit helped since if they had not agreed where to go, their magic would have cancelled out each other's and the teleport would not have worked at all.

Verdana yanked his hand free, pulled his hood over his head, and walked forward swiftly.

"Ver! Hey, slow down!" Vivaldi called, but Verdana was already halfway down the block. He finally slowed some, but maintained the distance all the way home. Vivaldi caught up to him when he hesitated at their front door. "Geez, Ver." She sighed. "Look, I'm sorry Iâ€"

"Don't be." Verdana kept his back to his sister and his hands in his pockets. He groaned, stuck between fear and frustration. "I could've killed that asshole."

Vivaldi stepped closer and gripped his elbow. "You wouldn't. Not ever."

"Thanks to you," Verdana muttered, shrugging Vivaldi's hand off,

sitting on the brick steps leading to the door, and dropping his head into his hands, "we didn't have to find out."

"Listen. Our magic's weak and acts up," Vivaldi said, crouching in front of her brother. "Yes, I'm sure you could've hurt him, maybe put him in the hospital. But you're not a time bomb. You're not a murderer." Peeking through Verdana's bony fingers into his reddened eye sockets, she said, "In all honesty? I just didn't want to see you get expelled over that walking pile of feces."

Verdana sighed and discreetly rubbed his eyes because he wasn't crying, nope. "After that shitshow, I might get expelled, anyway. Mom and Dad really don't need this."

Vivaldi stood straight with her hands on her hips. "Beating yourself up won't solve anything, plus the routine looks worse on you than on Dad."

"Yeah," he muttered, not about to admit his sister was right. Still avoiding her gaze, he stood up and entered the house. It was time to face the consequences.

As soon as the twins closed the door behind them, they spotted Frisk to their right at the dining room table, surrounded by bags and unloading the last of a truck load of groceries. Verdana had finally eclipsed Sans in the eating department, so it seemed they were always food shopping. Frisk waved a greeting and said, "Your father's on his way. How was school?"

A silent moment passed before Frisk looked up and frowned. The tear tracks on Verdana's cheekbones were still fresh and both twins shifted uncomfortably.

"Go ahead, Ver," said Vivaldi, patting his back. "Your turn."

Sighing, he faced his mother who waited with their arms crossed. "Some guys at school messed with Viv's violin and talked sh-uh, crap about us for being monsters. I freaked everyone out by using magic and almost got into a fight."

Frisk hummed a moment. "Almost?"

Verdana blinked in surprise. "Well, yeah."

Frisk left the table and groceries behind, crossed the room, and embraced the twins. Once they finally released the children, Frisk said, "We'll talk about it more later. Just rest for now. You hungry? I bought rotisserie chicken for dinner."

"Wait, what?" Verdana stood, dumbfounded, as Frisk gave him a patient smile. "You're not gonna chew me out?"

"You didn't fight." Frisk touched Verdana's shoulder. "You didn't hurt anyone."

"Heh, thanks to Viv," he muttered, his skull red with embarrassment.

Frisk winked at Vivaldi, but turned back toward Verdana and repeated,

"You didn't fight. You did well."

Verdana's face went redder.

"Just need to make the sides," Frisk said, exiting the living room and giving Vivaldi's chin a loving touch as they passed.

Verdana stared at Frisk, still confused, as they disappeared into the kitchen.

Stepping toward him, Vivaldi nudged him with her elbow. "If you makes you feel any better, I would've paid good money to watch you beat Dan every way to Sunday. Because you could." She grinned. "You didn't have to."

Verdana could not help but smile. Sometimes it annoyed him when Vivaldi parroted their mother's sage expressions because, at those times, she came across as a know-it-all who thought she was superior to her twin. This was not one of those times.

"The only real difference between you and me," Vivaldi continued, plucking a pair of fresh buttercups from a nearby flower pot, tucking the stem of one behind her right ear, and handing Verdana the other, "is I kept my cool. When it's my turn to flip out, just stop me, okay?"

Chuckling, Verdana took the flower and said, "Doubt that'll happen. But sure, sis."

"Thanks, bro." Following Frisk into the kitchen, Vivaldi called out, "Hey, Mom! Did you get the organic carrots this time?"

Once Vivaldi disappeared behind the swinging kitchen door, Verdana eyed the buttercup he pinched between his phalanges. Bright, yellow, cheerful, and once a sign of his parents' torment. For reasons he never understood, they loved whenever the twins decorated their hair with these flowers. Taking Vivaldi's cue, he returned to human form, stuck the buttercup behind his left ear, and joined his family in the kitchen.

End
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